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# McKean County Miner.

ROBERT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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### Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 348, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
F. D. GALLUP, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 309, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Tarbell degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 3d degree on third, and 2d degree on fourth meetings.
F. A. "CALLUP, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No., 251 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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LYDIA REBEKAH LODGE, No. 99, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
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G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 67, meets First and Third Thursday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
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W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall, Backus Block.
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A. O. U. W.—Smethport, Lodge, No. 138, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings in each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
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I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons.
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W. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 81, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, in A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus block, at 2:30 p. m.
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THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
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P. H. A.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
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M. W. A.—CAMP No. 1002—Meets every Friday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall, Webb Block.
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### Churches.

Presbyterian—T. WALKER, D. D., Pastor. Office Sheridan, Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Sunday. Junior League at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Young People's Society meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

M. E.—HERBERT MCANDLESS, Pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday. Class meeting at 12 m. Sunday. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Ladies' Social Circle every Friday afternoon. The Ladies' Guild meets every alternate Tuesday afternoon.

CATHOLIC—Rev. P. J. Smith, Pastor. Mass every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Vespers and benediction every alternate Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Services every alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

EPISCOPAL—Rev. P. V. Nobbs, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and evening service at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Wednesday evening service every alternate Tuesday at 7:30 o'clock.

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Well supplied Bar.
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"Digests what you eat."


# BIG MONEY IN BIRDS

A TALE OF HEZEKIAH SHARP'S GREAT BUSINESS VENTURE IN TURKEYS.

BY MARTIN JOHNSON.

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Hezekiah Sharp is in every sense of the word the unique character in East Tilbury township. He is a recluse in some ways, and yet he cannot be properly called one, for he does not shun the companionship of his fellows, nor does he condemn the various conventions of society which they are accustomed to observe. He celebrates every holiday with as much fervor as any of his neighbors and looks forward to Thanksgiving day as eagerly as any schoolboy in the countryside. He lives in a little shanty near that belt of timber land known as the Ten Mile woods and makes a comfortable living by persistent hunting and desultory farming and poultry raising. He lives quite alone and always enjoys his Thanksgiving dinners in the same company.

HE NURSED THEM CAREFULLY.

Last spring he went into turkey raising on rather a large scale considering the limitations of his farm. The chicks gave him no end of trouble, but he nursed them carefully through the "pip" stage and other ills that young turkeys are heir to and succeeded in bringing through a comparatively large flock that suggested many future Thanksgivings.

But the proximity of the woods set the primeval blood tingling in the young chicks' veins and they yearned for the liberty of bygone days—the days when their untamed progenitors wandered at will through the woods with a future that held not the slightest hint of Thanksgivings. In less than a week their wild nature had asserted itself, and the whole flock forsook the quiet of the farmyard for the liberty of the Ten Mile woods. It was "a reversion to type" that would have delighted Darwin and was not so very surprising in view of the fact that it is but a comparatively short time since turkeys were first domesticated.

MADE THE FOREST RESOUND WITH THEIR GOBBLINGS.

The reversion was in no way a delight to Hezekiah, however, and he did not hesitate to say what he thought of turkeys in general. The ingratitude of the creatures hurt him even more than the loss of them. To think that for months he had coaxed and coddled and spoon fed them until they were able to do for themselves and then they had turned from him like this! It was too much.

However, he determined to keep an eye on them, and, although they were as wild as hawks, he managed to catch a glimpse of them every few days. All hope of domesticating them was gone, but, at any rate, they would be excellent sport for the fall shooting, and he could sell them in the county town at a higher price than the tame birds.

The recreant flock, not knowing the designs that were harbored against them, grew plump and fat on this wild life, and "many a time and oft" did Hezekiah hear their exultant gobble, gobble, coming from the depths of the woods. One day, while listening to their cries of defiance, it dawned upon him that the ammunition he would have to buy before he could place his birds on the market would eat into the profits, so he decided that some one else would have to put up the expenses, and as he was a man of some resources he soon hit upon a scheme for accomplishing his purpose.

SHOT THAT WAS JUST AS GOOD.

There was a crowd of dudes in the county town about 15 miles off who considered themselves knowing hunters, and he would work a little game to have them shoot his turkeys and then pay him well for doing it.

He began operations the third week before Thanksgiving by spending four or five days hunting in the part of the woods remotest from his shanty. Every day he made the forest reverberate to the reports of his double barreled shotgun. The neighbors noticed Hezekiah was doing a good deal of shooting, but as he never at any time gave any account of his kills and had told no one of his scheme nothing was suspected. If the truth were told, Hezekiah neither killed nor intended to kill anything that week. The only result of all his bluster and noise was that the turkeys shunned the far side of the woods and began to habitate that part nearest to his shanty. But this was just what Hezekiah wanted.

CONSENTED TO TAKE FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

At the end of the week he drove to the county town and, going into the leading gunsmith's, asked for a couple of pounds of turkey shot.

"Why, that's something we're never asked for any more," said the gunsmith in surprise. "What are you going to do with it, Mr. Sharp?"

"Oh," replied Hezekiah in a careless sort of way, "there's a flock of wild turkeys drifted into the Ten Mile woods, and as they've been coming round rather close to my shanty lately, I think I'll knock a few of them off."

Hezekiah got some shot that was "just as good" and returned home to await developments.

The following Monday morning he got up early, concealed himself in the woods and waited. It was not long till he heard a couple of shots close to where he knew the flock was feeding. He rushed over to the spot, gun in hand, and came upon two of the dude sportsmen joyfully comparing a couple of fine birds. He angrily accused them of shooting his fowls, and threatened to have them arrested.

"But," protested the two, "they're wild. We shot them in the woods."

"Shot them in the woods, did you?" yelled Hezekiah. "You're a smart set, ain't you? Come over here, and I'll show you the coops I raised them in."

There was nothing else to do. They went to the shanty, Hezekiah fuming all the way and vowing what he would do. There was no longer any doubt about the identity of the birds. The coops were there as a proof of it. Then the two offered to pay a dollar each for the turkeys, but Hezekiah would have none of their money. He would have the law on them and teach such know *nothings a lesson about killing other* people's turkeys. Finally he reluctantly consented to take $5 each for the birds and say no more about it.

The two sports went back to town, not to warn others of the danger, but to boast of their prowess. True, they had paid well for their sport, but it was not their place to publish such a thing. Besides, there were some other fellows in town that they would like to see taken in.

Next day Hezekiah was kept busy holding up the unsuspecting crack shots from town. Each man paid his bush money and went home a poorer but a more enlightened hunter.

Every day the flock got thinner and thinner, and the old sock in Hezekiah's shanty grew more corpulent accordingly. Before the week was over the remnants of the flock hovered so close to the shanty that even a city hunter would not think of calling them wild.

Hezekiah now thinks that there is nothing on earth that will beat turkeys for making money, and this year his Thanksgiving will be one of unadulterated gratitude.

## DIAMOND DOLLARS OF 1804.

**Only Four of the Original Coinage of 10,570 in Existence.**

"Every now and then one reads about the discovery of another of the famous 'diamond dollars' of 1804," said a gentleman of this city who owns one of the finest private collections of coins and medals in the south. "The dollars of that date are popularly supposed to be worth from $1,500 to $2,000 apiece, and if a few originals could be produced I dare say they would bring that figure easily enough. But it happens, unluckily, that there are only four on earth, and they are locked up in the vaults of the treasury building at Washington and couldn't be bought at any price. They are what are known as the 'test pieces,' which are always laid aside whenever a new coin is struck, and the rest of the issue is at this moment quietly reposing under several miles of deep blue sea. The true story is rather interesting. In 1804 the mint at Philadelphia is known to have turned out 10,570 silver dollars. That was the entire issue, barring the test pieces I have just spoken of, and it was never put into circulation. The whole lot, just as it came from the stamping presses, was dumped into an iron chest and put on board a merchantman bound for China. It was directed to the captain of a United States frigate then in oriental waters, and was intended to be used in paying certain expenses connected with the service. The merchantman ran into a Chinese typhoon and went to the bottom, where to the best of my information she still remains, iron chest and all, and that is the reason your Uncle Sam is the only collector in the world who has a complete set of American dollars. Every other collection, including my own, is short one issue, and the gap will never be filled until the sea gives up its own."

"Do you mean to tell us, then," said a listener to the foregoing, "that all the 'diamond dollars' now in private cabinets are counterfeits?" "By no means," replied the collector. "I own an 1804 dollar myself, and there are at least three others to my knowledge, in the south. They were issued by the government and are perfectly good and legal coins, but they are not originals. They are what are known technically as 'restrikes.' In the early days, when the mints had a few coins left over from one year to another, they would change the date by striking them with a special die, an operation that can always be detected by an expert. For some reason or other, nobody knows just why, a few dollars of the 1800 issue were restruck in 1804 and put in circulation. It is probable that the total number was not over 40 or 50, and a good many have been lost. The ones in existence are worth $150 apiece, and you may rest assured that all the 'diamond dollars' not mere imitations belong to this little lot of restrikes."

"Of course, some of them have been sold to green collectors as originals, and I was myself the innocent cause of such a transaction only a few years ago. A friend of mine, who lives in an adjoining state, and who owns a great many rare and beautiful coins, telegraphed me one day, asking whether $500 was too much for a genuine 1804 dollar. I took it for granted that he knew the facts about the issue, and after puzzling over the message for a considerable time concluded that it was an obscure joke of some kind and that I was simply too stupid to see the point. So I wired back advising him to buy a bushel at that figure, and he promptly closed the deal. It turned out afterward that the coin was a restrike, and my friend has never quite forgiven me. What deceived him was the fact that the piece was known positively to have been locked up in an old chest at Savannah since 1852. That did away with the counterfeit theory, and the only thing he was doubtful about was the price."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TAKING UP "THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

### A Grave Request.

A solicitor in a Georgia court is responsible for the following:

He overheard a conversation between his cook and a nurse, who were discussing a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which there had been a great profusion of flowers. The nurse said:

"When I die, don't plant no flowers on my grave, but plant a good old watermelon vine, and when it gets ripe you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jis' bus' it on de grave and let dat good old juice dribble down through de ground."—Youth's Companion.

### Cruelly Repressed.

"It's a shame; that's what it is!" exclaimed the boy wrathfully. "I can't have any fun at all."

"What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.

"Dad says he'll lick me if he ever hears of me fighting with a boy smaller than I am, an I dassen't fight with a bigger one."—Chicago Post.

### Cupid Is a Thief.

"One engagement is off again."

"What's the matter now?"

"I gave her a belt buckle with my photograph on it, and she uses it to fasten her dog's collar."—Chicago Record.

### Not Particular as to Weapons.

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffed scornfully as she said, "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."

"Huh!" remarked the patron in surprise. "Nothing like an ax."—Philadelphia Record.

# A THANKSGIVING PICNIC.

THE STORY OF A NOVEMBER EVICTION, A CANADIAN BEAUTY AND AN ANNEXATION.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

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Young Mr. Middleton stood staring through the window of his furnished apartment—staring at the half hearted snowfall and the November dullness of a New York side street—wondering somewhat whether, after all, he was doing wisely in throwing away his chance of going home to the other end of the state for his Thanksgiving dinner.

Whether the event would justify his decision or not would depend on a young person over there, across the street, a bewildering damsel of Canada, *whose business for the winter in* New York was to study the church organ. Mr. Middleton, having very much to his own satisfaction established himself as one of three at the same little table with her in Mrs. Flanagan's dining room, where he ate twice a day, would gladly have improved the occasion of a holiday and the opportunities offered by a common sentiment of being left out in the cold world.

Naturally enough, the young man's eyes wandered to the front of Mrs. Flanagan's house, and instantly he saw that something very much out of the common was going on. In fact, Middleton saw that a crowd was gathering outside Mrs. Flanagan's, and the occasion of the crowd was evidently a huge furniture van. Furniture was being carried out of the house—not mere bedroom furniture, but strange and problematic articles which Middleton associated with Mrs. Flanagan's dining room.

"Well, if there isn't that crazy old majolica jardiniere she sets the ice water on!" he ejaculated. "By Jingo, they're evicting her—and—and her—it's high time for me to drop in."

Ignoring the expectant grin of the crowd and stepping over a heap of dirty burlap on the sidewalk, he dodged in through the doorway, between a moving refrigerator and a waiting wire cot, and, as he entered, a girlish voice somewhere behind the refrigerator called out, "Oh, Mr. Middleton!"

"So glad you've come!" Lillian McKay shouted, clapping her hands. "Hurrah! What are you looking at my hair for? It's a sight, I know. I haven't had time to do it up. Say, isn't it a shame? And they wanted to take my piano, if you please! Now, you're a lawyer. You can settle the whole thing for poor Mrs. Flanagan, can't you?"

"I'm only a lawyer's clerk yet, and the question for us—for you and Mrs. Latour and me—to settle is, Where are we going to get our Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Yes, I know. But, as it is, where are *you going?" the young lawyer persisted,* "and where are your boarders going?"

"All my boarders that had rooms here are gone, child—all except this one sweet angel," meaning, of course, Lillian.

"I have an idea, Miss McKay," Middleton exclaimed, quite as if something new had just occurred to him—which was deceit.

"Then, for goodness' sake, out with it!"

"Why, you see, so many of us roomers over at Anderson's take our meals here that we shall be in pretty general distress if Mrs. Flanagan goes off. That would be bad for the Andersons, wouldn't it? Very well. Why not let *Mrs. Flanagan come over and occupy* their kitchen?"

"They haven't any dining room vacant, child," Mrs. Flanagan mournfully objected.

"But Mrs. Flanagan can send up meals to our rooms for the present," Middleton answered.

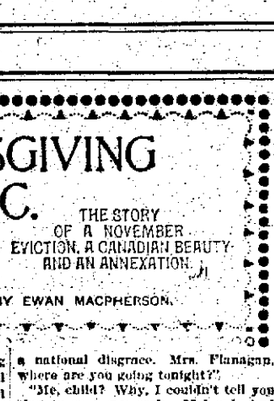
"And where do I come in, or whither do I go out?"

"Ask Mrs. Latour to let her 'dear Canadian girl' share her room. She'll be only too glad."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Flanagan was installed that evening in the Anderson basement.

Among the roomers at the Andersons' was Mrs. Latour. She was the pink of chaperons, a widow, past middle age, with admirable social antecedents.

"It's too bad, Mr. Middleton," said Mrs. Latour that evening when, after



"HERE'S MR. MIDDLETON. PERHAPS HE CAN HELP YOU."

a deucedly scrappy meal in his own room, he had dropped in to call on her—and Lillian McKay. "And your family lives in the western part of the state? Of course, if you had known how it would be, you could have made your arrangements in plenty of time—yes—and now"—

"And now it will be sufficient cause for thankfulness if I get anything to eat at all tomorrow."

"Oh, dear!" said Lillian. "It's all too dismal for anything. I wish Ronald Fraser would come now, if he is coming to New York. It would be a distraction."

"When did he say he was coming, my dear?" Mrs. Latour asked.

"Some time about the end of November; said he expected to 'drop in on me.'" Then, with a sudden start and a worried look on her face, Lillian exclaimed: "Oh, I say! Wouldn't that be dreadful? How is Ronald going to find me if he does come?"

Mrs. Latour had heard of Ronald Fraser. Middleton had not. He wondered, in gloomy silence, who on earth Ronald Fraser could be.

"You can write to him, dear, can't you?" said Mrs. Latour. "Won't a letter reach him in Toronto?"

"He left Toronto weeks ago, Mrs. Latour. He may be in New York at this very moment."

"It would be dreadfully vexatious, my dear. But don't let's fret ourselves about it. Mr. Middleton, you are the man of resource who found shelter for poor Mrs. Flanagan and kept us all from going hungry. You can surely think of some way to save Mr. Fraser from going distracted when he finds No. 98 empty and no little Canadian girl anywhere."

As for Middleton, he at first could think of no scheme to save Mr. Fraser from distraction. But presently he saw that Lillian's mind was seriously disturbed by the prospect of missing this Mr. Fraser, she saying nothing. She had sat down apart, to stare through a window pane at the flakes of snow that fluttered from out the darkness. And, whoever Fraser might be, Middleton could not resist the power of Miss McKay's sadness.

"Perhaps it would be a good idea," he said, "as we can't camp out in the snow, waiting to catch Mr. Fraser at No. 98, to pin a notice on the door over there."

"That's it!" Lillian cried, jumping up. "Give me a piece of paper. He'll know my writing. Look here! I'll say, 'Apply at'—what's this number?—'at 83, across the way.'"

"Very well," said Middleton. "I'll take it over. But, by the way, don't you think that, as Mrs. Flanagan could hardly furnish forth the semblance of a meal this evening, we might go out and forage for a Thanksgiving dinner, just to make sure?"

"Buy things?" Lillian exclaimed joyfully. "Oh, come on! Let me get my hat. I've got $2.50."

"And is the old woman expected to play chaperon to a marketing party on such a night as this?" Mrs. Latour asked piteously.

"It does seem a little too much," said Middleton, "though I see no old woman in this case."

"Oh, Mrs. Latour, I think you can trust me with Mr. Middleton this once, can't you?" said Lillian, tugging on a rubber shoe.

"I think I might, just this once. What are you going to get?"

"Oh, a turkey for us three," Middleton began, once more thinking that his luck was not so very atrocious, after all.

"Yes, and perhaps Ronald may be here to have some."

And with that remark of Lillian's down again went Middleton's opinion of his luck.

"Stuffed with chestnuts," he went on mechanically, "cranberries, oysters, ice cream"—

"Come on," Lillian interrupted.

As they went out of the street door Lillian's escort shut it with a needless bang.

"Do you always shut doors like that?" Miss McKay asked.

"Eh? No, not always, only just now. I happen to be looking out for anything I can get to slam," Middleton answered viciously as they paddled away through the wet snow. Lillian carrying the placard to be affixed to the doorpost of No. 98.

The placard was securely fastened over the bell button, and then they made for the corner to catch a car.

As they took their stand close to the track, by an iron elevated railroad support, the car slackened speed, and a man in a long coat and a fur cap, whom Middleton supposed to be some holiday folsterer, jumped off. The man stopped and stared Lillian in the face.

Then, in a moment, with a cry of "Hello, little girlie!" the strange man's disengaged arm was twined about Lillian's gray fox collar, and his face was rapidly approaching hers. But the two faces were violently parted by a blow of the kind technically known as a "left hook," and the "left hooker" was Mr. Middleton.

"Stop!" Lillian cried. "What are you doing? Don't you see it's Ronald? Oh, Ronald, I'm so sorry!"

Ronald had recovered himself from the shock and was in the act of charging when Lillian hurriedly pronounced the formula of introduction: "Ronald, *my friend,* Mr. Middleton. *Mr. Middleton,* my brother-in-law, Mr. Fraser."

"Oh, your friend, eh?" said Ronald.

"Oh, your brother-in-law?" said Middleton. "I didn't know, or I wouldn't"—

"If I had known you were so well protected, Lil, I wouldn't have been in such a hurry," said Fraser.

"Come on, for goodness' sake," said Lillian. "If we don't move on, there'll be a crowd."

"Where are you moving to?" Fraser asked in bewilderment, solicitously feeling the right side of his face.

"Just now we are going to market," Middleton began.

But Lillian interrupted in her impulsive way: "Oh, Ronald, I'm so glad to *see you! And I'm so sorry.* I'll have to explain it all to you. We were just going to buy a Thanksgiving dinner for Mrs. Flanagan to cook. Mr. Middleton didn't know"—

"That's all right. But who is Mrs. Flanagan?"

It was a hard matter to explain all these complications while shopping crowds jostled them and "L" trains rattled overhead. Middleton pointed this out, and, postponing their marketing, they fell back upon the hospitality of Mrs. Latour's room.

"My dear boy," she said to Middleton, seeming really charmed at the misunderstanding which could have prevented, "if I had thought anything like this would have happened, I would have told you of the relationship. It was all my silly fun."

But the marketing expedition did come off at last, and the result was a Thanksgiving dinner which Mrs. Latour called a "partie carree" and Middleton a "bully old Thanksgiving picnic." The table was barely large enough to hold four plates. Mrs. Latour's dressing mirror reflected turkey,

THE TWO WHO VIOLENTLY PARTED.

ham and a pudding and her writing desk and mantelshelf groaned under celery, cauliflower, cups, saucers, nuts, coffeepots and milk pitchers.

And when the feast had reached the dessert stage Mrs. Latour blandly spoke:

"I would not wound the national susceptibilities of our friends. But may I propose the toast of 'Annexation?'"

"Well," said Fraser, "we Canadians want protection for our native products, and you Yankees seem disposed to give it. Isn't that so, Mr. Middleton? But how do you mean 'annexation,' Mrs. Latour—wholesale or piecemeal?"

Lillian told Ronald he was talking a great deal of nonsense.

"Little girlie," he said, "you don't understand these things."

But she did understand, and understands them still better now. She has been annexed since that memorable Thanksgiving, much to the joy of Mrs. Flanagan, Mrs. Latour and, not least, of Mr. Middleton.

### An Alien From Arkansas.

"When I was on the bench," relates Judge J. J. Du Bose, "we were once making up a special jury for a murder trial. The lawyers were examining the venire, and I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on till one of the lawyers attracted my attention by saying:

"'Your honor, this man is incompetent for jury service. He's a foreigner.'

"I looked at the man under examination and didn't think he looked like a foreigner. He looked, anyway, like he was acclimated. So I asked him:

"'Have you ever been naturalized?'

"'No, sir,' he answered.

"'And you say you're a foreigner and not naturalized? What country are you a native of?'

"'Arkansas.'

"Well, everybody in the courtroom laughed. I told the man he could go. He wasn't much of a foreigner, but *too much to sit on a jury in my court.*"—Memphis Scimitar.

Mrs. Thomas Riddleman, Parkhillville, Mich., writes: I was troubled with salt rheum for over thirteen years, had tried a number of doctors without relief. My husband bought

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BURT OLSON,
Editor and Propr.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, Nov. 30, 1899.


CONGRESS convenes next Monday, December 4.

EVERY voter in Pennsylvania who favors a pure and honest ballot ought to return thanks that the city of Philadelphia has an upright judiciary.

IT is reported that Hon. J. C. Sibley, Democratic congressman from the 27th Pennsylvania district, has made a public declaration that free silver is not an issue in the coming presidential campaign. The only solution that the MINER can give to the problem is that Mr. Sibley has been an observant reader of the McKean Democrat.

THE readers of the machine newspapers throughout the state are liable to meet with a great surprise if circumstances should force these papers to disclose the ballot box stuffing and jury bribing cases that have been brought to light lately, and on which these papers have been as silent as the tomb. Their readers will wonder why the machine press has kept silent when such fraud is being carried on as has recently been unearthed in Philadelphia.

JAMES MCMANES, one of the most upright and honorable citizens of Philadelphia, died last Thursday morning, aged 77 years. He was a man whose word was considered as good as his bond. As president of the People's bank, when that institution failed and cashier John Hopkins committed suicide, Mr. McManes remembered every depositor, to the amount of almost half a million dollars, from his own private funds.

LAST week ex-Lieut. Gov. Watres of Scranton came out and boldly declared against the Quay machine in Pennsylvania. This move was a stunner to the Florida tarpon fisherman and his henchmen. Mr. Watres has been a staunch adherent of the ex senator for years, but the disclosures that have been made in the Quay camp were too much for the ex lieutenant governor, and he has quit the sinking ship of the machine. It is powder-posted and politically rotten and ere long will go to pieces.

IT is strange how the circulation of news is somewhat limited. The fact of the stuffing of ballot boxes, The arrest of Quay repeaters and the general debauchery of Republican election officials about Philadelphia has not reached the editorial department of the Quay machine organ of this county. At least no sign is given that those in charge of that great reform sheet have ever heard anything about this matter Curious, ain't it?—Wellsboro Gazette.

It's just the same here, Bro. Coudriet. These machine organs have evidently been hit by Hoer ammunition. Known as dum dum.

WHEN the scuttling crews from Harrisburg and Philadelphia, in the shape of judges and juries, get their work in on Quay's old hulk of a ship just watch the machine rats hustle for safety. When the courts of Dauphin county have an opportunity to try the legislative bribers next month, when the criminal courts of Philadelphia take a turn out of the ballot box stuffers and the United States courts haul the jury bribers over the coals the chances are that many politicians in the state who imagine their exalted positions will save them will, like Crockett's coon, come tumbling down. There will be music in the camp of the machine that will shake the old Keystone to its very foundation.

GIVE thanks unto Him who gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Give thanks unto the Son, who became a willing sacrifice to save fallen man. Yea, give thanks. There never was a time in the history of the nation when the people had more occasion to give thanks and rejoice than to day. A bountiful harvest has been provided by the giver of all good. Every industry in the land is crowded to its full capacity. Every laboring man has employment and can supply the wants of his loved ones. Truly this should be a time of sincere thanksgiving that we live in a land of freedom such as is not enjoyed by the people of any other nation in the world. Give thanks.

### HASTING ON "SALT RIVER."

Many of the older residents along the Allegany river will remember the days of rafting lumber, and how often when lumbermen failed, by reason of low water, to get their lumber to market in the spring there often came a freshet in the fall that enabled them to reach market and dispose of their stock.

In the fall of 1896 the writer, with a large number of raftsmen, was comitly down "Salt river" with an immense fleet of lumber that found a ready sale in the market. It was known as the McKinley bill timber. While passing along down stream it was noticed that a large concourse of peop'e on both sides of the stream were wearily wending their way up the river. They had a woe begone appearance and looked thoroughly disheartened, as though the future appeared no brighter to them than the past had been. The inquiry was naturally raised on the rafts, who are these heartbroken and bedraggled wayfarers? Some one answered that they were Bryan, Jones, and the two tails to the Democratic presidential ticket and their followers going up "Salt river" to get out a platform of timber for rafting in 1900, as there is a flood on that stream only once every four years. Bidding the weary wanderers good luck the rafts proceeded on their way to a safe harbor and a good market, and the people all over the country are rejoicing over the flood of 1900 that brought Prest McKinley and his excellent crew of raftsmen from the headwaters of "Salt river" to take charge of the helm of the ship of state.

But what has become of that motley crew that so disconsolately wended its way up stream? Let us, in imagination, follow them.

For over three years they have wandered around the headwaters of that peculiar stream in search of timber for the freshet of 1900. The only thing they have found is a little second-growth anti-expansion timber, but the soil did not seem to succor that kind of growth and decay commenced almost as soon as it had taken root. This has proven rather discouraging to the voyagers and they were about to give up the battle when "Where are we at" Watson, one of the tails of Bryan's free silver kite it 1896, suggested that they cut all the anti-expansion timber that could be found, and start down the river with their rafting axes and augers, with the hope o' picking up some stranded timbers of formerly wrecked platforms with which they had attempted to mislead the people. See them start! Behold Billy Boy Bryan striking his rafting axe into that old rotten piece of timber known as "state rights", which is so badly decayed that it will not hold a pin. They next find a chunk of timber known as greenbacks or fiat money. Senator Jones suggested that they tie a rope to it and tow it along, in case nothing better can be found. They next find Cleveland's celebrated free trade message of December, 1886. This is also taken in tow. They soon come across some timbers of the platform of 1892 which pronounced the McKinley bill unconstitutional.

Ex Governor Stone of Missouri now suggested that having three pieces they tie them together and ride, which was agreed to. After a while they came across Cleveland's message of August, 1893, calling an extra session of congress to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman law. This they considered really the first wheat that had fallen into their hopper since starting and, of course, was fastened along side. A short distance below they saw a slab or board standing on the bank of the river. A landing was made and the voyagers found inscribed on it, "sacred to the memory of Billy, father of the Wilson tariff bill," which was successful in sending more Democrats up "Salt river" than any other measure ever enacted. The vandals pulled up this slab for use as an oar in case the water became too deep for their poles. The voyage was resumed and they soon neared some drift along the shore which seemed familiar to the entire party. It proved to be the wrecked platform of 1896. The first piece found was the free silver plank. Quite a number were for discarding that but the majority favored taking it along. The next plank was the denouncement of the Supreme Court followed by the one scoring Cleveland, the chief magistrate of the nation at that time, for sending troops to Chicago during the strike to protect the mails and other United States property.

Here it is supposed a halt was called until the rafting freshet comes, when, if you keep your mind's eye on the mouth of "Salt river," you will see something resembling a pin wheel, having all the colors of a rainbow and embellished with promises which are never intended to be fulfilled, put there merely to catch the unthinking voter, come out with Billy Bryan as captain and Aguinaldo, if he can continue to elude our soldiers, as first mate, manned with a crew that would be difficult to match anywhere in the world.

This raft will drift around free silver and anti-expansion bays during the summer and until fall, when the full tide of Republican prosperity will come along and send the whole conglomeration, Bryan and all, whirling up "Salt river" again for another four years' sojourn.

### Personally-Conducted Tours.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces the following personally-conducted tours for the season of 1900 and 1901:—

Mexico and California.—A forty-five day tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Pittsburg, February 14. Fourteen days will be spent in Mexico and eighteen in California. The party will travel over the entire route by the "Mexico and California Special," the finest train that crosses the continent.

Florida.—Four tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia January 23, February 6 and 20, and March 6. The first three of these admit of a sojourn of two weeks in the "Flower State." Tickets for the fourth tour will be good to return by regular trains until May 31, 1900.

Tickets for the above tours will be sold from all principal points on the Pennsylvania Railroad. For detailed itineraries, giving rates and full information, address Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg; B. Courlander, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore; C. Studds, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

### Notice of Wreckmen.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 25 cent bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, if it fails to cure lumps, bruises, scratches, chafes, cuts, strains, blisters, sore muscles, sunburn, chapped hands or face, pimples, freckles, or any other ailments requiring an external application. Lady riders are especially pleased with Arnica and Oil Liniment, it is so clean and nice to use. Twenty-five cents a bottle; one three times as large for 50 cents.

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### QUAY AND MCKINLEY.

Sitting in the shade of a big elm tree in the great yard of his summer home at Long Branch in July last Vice-President Hobart related the story of his candidacy and subsequent election to the vice-presidency.

"Matt Quay of Pennsylvania first suggested me as a candidate for vice-president," Mr. Hobart began, "away back in the early spring of 1896. I was riding on the Pennsylvania Limited from New York, en route for Canton, to see Major McKinley, whom I knew very well. When the train entered Philadelphia Quay came aboard and took a seat near me.

"'How far to-day, Hobart?' said Quay.

"I told him my destination, and after an exchange of pleasantries he looked up suddenly and said: 'Hobart, why don't you come out for vice-president? You are pretty well known in the east; everybody likes you and you would give strength to the ticket. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you announce yourself I can assure you of the solid strength of the Pennsylvania delegation in the convention. Furthermore, I believe we can swing New York to you.'

"I thanked him for his kindness," continued Mr. Hobart, "and said I would let him know my decision after my talk with McKinley. Quay got off somewhere down the road. I continued to Canton, saw McKinley, and came away, determined to make the race. I notified Quay immediately. Then I started to get my fellows into line. Well, to shorten a long story, let me say I confidently counted on Pennsylvania's votes; but, to make certain, I did not stop until more than enough votes to nominate me were pledged. The next meeting between Quay and myself occurred in St. Louis on the 17th of June, 1896, as I remember it. I was in my room at the Southern Hotel when Quay came to see me.

"'Hobart,' said Quay, 'you remember my promise made on a railway train early this year?'

"I recalled it vividly.

"'Well, Hobart, my friend, I'm sorry I won't be able to keep it; there are certain reasons which compel me to place the Pennsylvania vote elsewhere.'

"'That's all right, Quay. Go ahead and do as you please with your votes. I want to say to you, however, before you leave this room that I don't need your votes. I'm nominated without them.'

"'Well, sir,' continued Hobart, laughingly, 'do you know this took old Quay clear off his feet. He was almost speechless, dumbfounded, amazed. He had been scheming with Platt to nominate Morton again. Oh, these politicians! Beware of politicians," Mr. Hobart concluded, with chuckles.—Philadelphia Record.

### JURY FIXING.

On the very heels of the exposure of unparalleled corruption in election methods in Philadelphia comes the news of attempted jury fixing in the recent Ingham and Newitt case. Really people stand aghast at the news, and wonder if Philadelphia is corrupt and full of putrefying sores from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. It is not uncommon to hear people wondering, should the test of Sodom and Gomorrah be applied, if Philadelphia could furnish ten men in her public service of sufficient purity to save her from destruction. The situation is terrible to contemplate. Public thieves are doubly screened. They are elected by corruption, and when caught embezzled in peculation and brought into court are cleared either by a packed or bought jury. How long can any state live under a regime of that kind?

The jury fixer is not an open professional worker in that line, but the tool of others—either low politicians or successful criminal lawyers. The crime of jury fixing is not a new one. There has always been moral evidence that it was constantly doing its fearful work, but too often no proof sufficient for a trial in court could be found. Immunity gave confidence, so that jury bribery seems to be conducted with a little fear as buying an ordinary vote at the polls. Some twenty years ago the writer asked Benjamin Harris Brewster how it came that Daniel Dougherty, with so much power in emotional oratory, did not figure more largely in the criminal courts of Philadelphia. The reply was: "Mr. Dougherty is a man of high moral sense and of unblemished character, and no man so constituted can succeed in our criminal courts. He must do dirty and criminal things, and his no honest man will stoop to." Admitting that this statement was high colored and too sweeping, it yet in the main presented a growing condition of evil which has at last reached its zenith. The jury fixer is a sort of hired assassin. The moneyed rogue, either the criminal on trial or his attorney for him, is behin' him. Hence the chicken thief jucets with no favor, while the rich and greater thief buys his freedom. This condition of things has become a byword. It is to be hoped that the recent cases in Philadelphia will bring to light those who furnish the money to fix juries as well as punish those who are the mere go-betweens—who approach the men and pay the cost. Turn on the light and let it blaz in all its intensity.—Lancaster Examiner

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### CURIOUS LAWS.

Connecticut, the "nutmeg" state, has some queer laws, as the following will fully demonstrate:

The news that a Yale freshman, caught kissing a girl in the streets of New Haven, has permitted his own bail and the girl's to be forfeited rather than stand trial for the offense, struck many a curious and unaccustomed eye says the New York Journal. The kiss cost them in bail forfeits $150 each.

Why, the question arose, were the young people so afraid to stand trial? They had had so much publicity that a plea of guilty would have added very little, if any, to the notoriety that a zealous guardian of the peace had gained for them.

When was a kiss, even if bestowed in the street after dark, made a crime? The famous Connecticut blue laws tell the story.

In the days of King Charles II the offense of kissing not only could be, but was, punished with whipping for both the man and the woman. One account of such a trial is taken from "The Regicides," a novel by Frederick Hull Cromwell, who vouches for the historical accuracy of the incident, the scenes being taken from actual records of Connecticut.

Mistress Martha Malbon, a pretty young girl, daughter of a magistrate of the most austere type, was brought before her father on his own warrant. Will Harding was accused jointly with her, as follows:

"Harding," said the magistrate, "thou art charged with enticing this spinster from her home at night to a venison feast, and art also accused of dalliance with her."

"Mistress Malbon, thou art charged with disobedience and with dalliance with Will Harding. Thou art accused by thy own father."

"Dalliance" described any relation of the sexes beyond ordinary conversation not coming wit in the family circle. Taking old of hands, carresses of any sort, kissing and embracing were deemed to be instances of this crime.

The youth and the girl, who were not even lovers, denied the charge hotly. The stern father refused to take an adjournment when advised by his colleagues on the bench, to further investigate.

Patience Glover, a girl of 17, the first witness, testified: "At about 9 of the clock I saw Will Harding whisper to Martha Malbon, and both left the company for a short time, I saw them kissing."

The fact that the witness was jealous of Harding was ruled out of the evidence by Master Malbon.

Prudence Dorkins testified that she "saw Harding kiss the prisoner behind the big tree in Master Sperry's yard." She was a cousin of the jealous Patience, but this also was of no weight with the magistrate.

"Harding," said Malbon, "thou art guilty of kissing, which is held to be an abomination outside of wedlock. The sentence of the court is that thou shalt be publicly flogged at the whipping post. Forty strokes save one, Mr. Clerk."

Martha's sentence was thirty lashes, which were administered in her father's presence in the good old town of New Haven.

### Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others—Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

DO YOU KNOW that Holmes & Gilfillan have the lumber, hardware, paint and EVERYTHING to build a house


Dr. James' Headache Powders.

**BE CAREFUL.**

When the druggist offers you a substitute for

Dr. James' Headache Powders

refuse it. Demand Dr. James'— if you want your headache cured.

Dr. James' Headache Powders are perfectly safe and reliable.

At all Drug Stores. 4 doses 10 cents.

Cure Where Others Fail.



# M. L. ARMSTRONG.

The Leading JEWELER

and dealer in

WATCHES
CLOCKS
NOVELTIES
FINE JEWELRY
SPORTING GOODS

Having procured the services of H. M. Smith, practical watchmaker, opician and jeweler, I am prepared to do all kinds of watch and jewelry repair work and guarantee satisfaction. Bring in your watches, clocks and jewelry and get in line for the opening of our new Railroad Nov. 1st.



# I DO NOT ROB YOU. . . .

Does your bicycle need repairing? I can do it.
Does your lawn mower need sharpening? I can do it.
Remember I also do

Shear Sharpening,
Knife Grinding,
Umbrella Repairing,
Fitting Keys to Locks,

And guarantee my work to be first-class. The price is moderate. No robbery here.

*A. B. Kidder,*
Fulton Street. Smethport.



**FOR 1899**

I have received a large invoice of

**Wall Paper,**

all of the latest designs. Call at the

Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse

and examine my stock.

Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired, and all work guaranteed.

C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.


### SHERIFF'S SALES

BY VIRTUE OF [illegible] to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, Pa., on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1899,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Corydon township, McKean county and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot Number 34; thence west 25.6 rods to a post at the southeast corner of lot Number 41; thence north among the east line of lots numbered 93, 41 and 26 a distance of 76.2 rods to the center of Corydon and Bradford road; thence up said road center south 75½ degrees, east 41 rods to the northwest corner of lot number 34; thence south 12.85 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 6½ acres of land and known as lot or sub-division No. 35 in Warrant No. 5752, and being the same land conveyed to John A. Colburn by Waring S. Weed by deed dated January 23rd, 1896, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county, in Deed Book No. 87, page 229, etc., and subject to all the exceptions and reservations contained in said deed. About 15 acres cleared and balance thereof timber; one one story board dwelling house, one board barn with stables attached, one driven well and a small orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. A. Colburn at the suit of L. B. Prosser.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at a post in the western line of the N. Y. L. & W. R. R. reserve, said post being also at the northeast corner of land conveyed by P. L. Webster and wife to G. F. Swift by deed dated Aug. 25th, 1887, and recorded; thence northerly by the western line of said R. R. reserve twenty-two (22) feet to a post; thence westerly and at right angles with said west line of the R. R. reserve seventy-four (70) feet to a post; thence southerly and parallel with the R. R. reserve twenty-two (22) feet to a post; thence easterly parallel with the north line at right angles with the R. R. reserve seventy-five (75) feet to the place of beginning. Containing one thousand, six hundred and fifty (1650) square feet. Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Flanigan and Annie Flanigan at the suit of The Rochester Savings and Loan Association, formerly the National Saving and Loan Association of Rochester, N. Y.

C. E. Judd, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at a post in the south line of Pleasant street, in the northeast corner of said village lot No. 338; thence east along the south line of Pleasant St. thirty-eight (38) feet; thence south on a line parallel with the east line of said lot No. 338, one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence west parallel with Pleasant street three (3) feet to a post; thence south on a line parallel with the east line of said lot No. 338, one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence west parallel with Pleasant street three (3) feet to a post; thence south on a line parallel with the east line of said lot No. 338, one hundred (100) feet more or less parallel with east line of lots 338 and 337 to a point one hundred and forty (140) feet north of School St.; thence in an easterly direction to a point four (4) feet west of the corner of a lot of land conveyed to Enos Parsons and wife to George A. Berry; thence southerly parallel with the east line of said lot No. 337 one hundred (100) feet more or less to a point in the northerly side of Jackson Ave. fifty-two and three-fourths (52¾) feet northeast erly from the corn junction of School St. and said Jackson Ave.; thence along the northerly side of Jackson Ave. in a northerly direction fifty-two and three-fourths (52¾) feet to the place of beginning. Being about 51 rods and one-fourth (51¼) feet to a post; thence north one hundred and forty (140) feet parallel with the east line of lots 338 and 337 to a post; thence west three (3) feet to a post; thence south one hundred (100) feet more or less parallel with east line of lots 338 and 337 to a point one hundred and forty (140) feet north of School St.; thence in an easterly direction to a point four (4) feet west of the corner of a lot of land conveyed to Enos Parsons and wife to George A. Berry, containing 6½ acres of land and known as lot or sub-division No. 35 in Warrant No. 5752, and being the same land conveyed to John A. Colburn by Waring S. Weed by deed dated January 23rd, 1896, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county, in Deed Book No. 87, page 229, etc., and subject to all the exceptions and reservations contained in said deed. About 15 acres cleared and balance thereof timber; one one story board dwelling house, one board barn with stables attached, one driven well and a small orchard.

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Melvin & Melvin, plaintiff's attorneys.

J. W. HAYES, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 3, 1899.


# Lilgendahl's Shop

Is a model of neatness and the means to be found here for getting out good work were never before known in Smethport.

**The Blacksmithing Department**

Is presided over by men of ability and experience. Bring your horse here. A thorough knowledge of horses' feet enables us to do horseshoeing in a scientific manner.

**The Wagon and Paint Shops**

Are attracting a great deal of attention. The excellent work done in these departments is drawing trade. Send in your order.

*C. W. Lilgendahl,*
Mechanic Street.



**Blankets and Robes.**

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness: All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

**Chas. Lemmler,**
Smethport, Pa.



*New Term*
at the
Rochester Business Institute
ROCKEFELLER, N.Y.
Business, Shorthand, and English Courses.

# JONES & CHURCH

dealers in

Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Fish, and Vegetables

We pay the highest cash price for fat stock, poultry, hides and pelts. Give us a call.

Main St. Smethport, Pa.



**INSURANCE.**

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.

In good reliable companies.



# Oleam's Big Store.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CARPETS.

# CHRISTMAS GOODS

ARE NOW ON SALE.

The showing is very attractive both in price and style. The line of novelties in new pictures at 25c, 29c, 35c, 50c and up contains all the popular subjects.

6 genuine Water Colors 20x24 inch, $4. 6 genuine Water Colors 20x36 inch, $7. These are all framed in best gilt moulding and wortth more money.

Large line of subjects, Madonas, St. Cecelias, &c., with square and oval back frames at 29c and 50c. Big line Celluloid pictures with oval brasss frames and easel for 25c. New styles in small brass and wood frames, 15c to $3.

We frame pictures to order, any size, shape or style.

The Holiday Furniture will surely interest you. We have all that's new, and our prices are in your favor. Let us suggest a few things:

BOOK CASES — COMBINATION CASES — BRASS OR IRON BEDSTEADS
CHAIRS — WRITING DESKS — CHILD DRESSERS
TABLES — CHAMBER SUITS — PARLOR SUITS
SIDE BOARDS — OFFICE DESKS — COUCHES
OFFICE CHAIRS — CHIFFONIERS — CHILD CHAIRS AND DIVANS
ROCKER CHAIRS — DRAPERIES — DAVENPORT SOFAS
LEATHER CHAIRS — RUGS — CARPETS
LEATHER LOUNGES — WALL PAPERS — CARPET SWEEPERS

in fact anything and everything for the home. We carefully pack and pay freight on all goods. It will pay you to come to Olean and trade with us. You can more than save your car fare.

**ANDREWS & CONKLING.**



# REASONS Why U Should Trade at the Racket Store.

B-caus we undersel & guarantee fact, thes flours R the same make our goods to give satisfaction or will cheerfully refund cash.

B-caus we carry the largest assortment of department goods in town.

B-caus a child can trade at our store as well as a grown person.

B-caus we sometimes hav goods 2 sel at less than they can be manufactured for.

B-caus old Kris Kringle has made this his headquarters where he supplies both old and young.

Com early while we have full stock of goods. B 4 the rush B gins. We sell 5 inch stove pipe elbows at 5c. 6 & 7 inch at 10c. Tha will cost U 20c for same goods any where U go.

We sel copper bilers at $2.45, $2.65. Larg galv iron wash tub 75c. Galv slop pail 35c.

Best flours made at $1.20 sack. T. & C.'s Best, Scoutler's Patent & Best. Why then pay $1.30 and $1.40? Buck wheat flour, warranted pure, 3c lb. 10 lb sack for 30c. Quite a saving, don't you think so? We have just rec'd 1,000 lbs fresh from th mills. Sum doubting Thomases can hardly believe their own ize. But it iz a fact, thes flours R the same make & goods that others sell at much more.

Now let me tell U about our line of ladies' slippers & shoes. Most of the sizes run from 2 to 3½. The slippers R all kinds marked 2 sell at 75c to $1.75. We sell 'em at 35c to 65c. Sum R slightly soiled on bottoms, but U wil say, how can U do it? Sel goods for ½ what it cost to manufr. We have 70 pair of those children's & misses' slippers. 92 pairs shoes mostly 2 to 3½ & mostly hand-turned, made 2 sel at $3.25 to $4.25. We slash the price down 2 75c, $1 and $1.25 pair. A few pair has wide toes & bottoms, slightly soiled. We carry a stock of new shoes, late styles, of J. B. Lewis' make & we undersel anyone in town. Compare goods & prices & C. We do not charg U $3.50 for the W. L. Douglas shoe; $2.25 iz our price.

We have some bargains in corsets that U can't beat.

8 nu excelcior cotton top mattresses, tha go at $2.50. U generally pay $3.50 for same.

Nu goods coming every day. Kall early for Xmas goods.

**A. E. STICKLES,**
Sprague Block. Smethport, Penna.



**Why?** Pay a Big Price when you can obtain a fine

**Portrait and Frame Right**

at

**Chas. G. Mesler's Studio,**
Cor. Green & Pine Sts. Smethport, Pa.

MEADVILLE, Pa., May 5, 1899.
To Whom it May Concern:
This is to certify that Mr. Charles G. Mesler made six pictures for me over a year ago that are perfectly satisfactory and have received praise from all that have seen them.
J. L. HALL.



**Coleman & Bell,**

Sanitary Plumbers.

All work promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Gas, steam and water fitting.

Estimates furnished on plumbing and tin work.

Incandescent lights and fixtures.

Basement Chadwick Blk. Smethport.



**UNDERTAKING**
AND
**EMBALMING**

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.



**NEW WAGON and PAINT SHOP.**

I have started a Wagon and Carriage Shop in S. Barnett's building on State street and am prepared to do all kinds of wagon and carriage painting and repairing. Will also furnish the finest of new work. I am well-known to the people of Smethport and they can rely on it that when entrusting me with their work I have had 25 years experience and invite your patronage.

John Servatius, - Smethport, Pa.


**Dissolution Notice.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between W. T. Scott and A. D. Doyle, under the firm name of Scott & Doyle, was dissolved on the third day of November, A. D. 1899, by mutual consent of the parties, the said Doyle retiring from the business. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid, and claims due from the same at the store of W. T. Scott, who is to continue the said business.

W. T. SCOTT,
A. D. DOYLE.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 6, 1899.


**A. T. PALMER,**
**Livery, Feed and Sale Stables,**

DEALER IN

**Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc.**

201 West Water Street.
Smethport, Pa.



**Leonard Koenig,**

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

**PAINTING** AND **DECORATING,**

**UPHOLSTERING**

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, - Penna.



**Manufd State Normal School.**

A superior training school for teachers. Faculty, Location, Building and Equipment unrivalled. Large model school. Infirmary with attendant nurse. Fine gymnasium. Large athletic park. Elevator, electric lights and steam heat. Every facility for college preparatory work or special work in agriculture and nature study, elocution, art, music, etc., etc.

Fall term opens September 5; Winter term, December 6; Spring term, March 19.

Students can enter at any time, though it is to their advantage to enter at the beginning of a term.

For catalogue giving full information respecting courses of study, expenses, etc., address

A. T. SMITH, Ph. D., Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

P.S.—We will esteem it a favor if you will send us the names and addresses of any of your acquaintances who are interested in the selection of a school.



**How About That Plumbing Job?**

BE SURE TO CONSULT

**PALMER & STRONG**

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

Welsbach Lamps and Supplies, Chandeliers and Fixtures.

Basement Reilly Block. - SMETHPORT.



# Come for Stoves.

This store sells 500 stoves per year. We carry more than 50 styles in stock. We show a full line of Heaters from a half dozen makers.

We have portable heaters as low $1.35.
We have Reliable heaters from $3.00 up.

**Reliable Ranges** control the range trade in this section. At every point they are better than any other range you know of. Made in 45 styles—$13.50 up.



# Come for China.

Every week we receive direct importations of new foreign china. We sell the original Haviland china at about a third less than the usual price on it. Dinner sets from $6.50 up.

We carry many of our best sets in each grade in open stock patters. Buy one piece or a dozen. Complete the set as you wish. Match it at any time. A good way to get a good dinner set.



# Lamps and Gas Fixtures.

All this season's quaint lamp styles are in. Also all sorts of new globes for old lamps. Our lamp stock is enormous.

We show every gas fixture style that is made. There is absolutely nothing that

THE

# Franklin Shoe

For Men $2.00.
Youths $1.25.

A Price Exceptionally High Value.

We are exclusive agents for these marvels in footwear.

They are bound to create a sensation. Look at them.

Cloaks, Boy's Clothing,
Men's Furnishings.

For Thanksgiving

CANDIED CITRON,
LEMON PEEL,
ORANGE PEEL,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
FIGS,
FRESH MINCE-MEAT,
MALAGA GRAPES,
CRANBERRIES,

**F. G. Lindholm & Co.**

Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,

Smethport, Pa.

All orders carefully executed.



How's Your Frame

of mind, concerning pictures? You should remember your present likeness for coming years, if nothing else. The latest and best effects a work of art at Ike's studio.

Have You Any Pictures

That need framing? You can do it in full assortment of stylish mouldings, And of the latest design here. A nice frame beautifies and preserves a picture, and look them over.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.



McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Vol. I. THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1899. No. 1.

SMETHPORT, PA.


McKean county, Penn'a, is situated [illegible] districts in Western Pennsylvania, and is 8 miles from [illegible] N. Y. and 100 miles from [illegible] Pa. [illegible] has four lines of railroad leading to all the principal trading centres, [illegible] the great oil and gas fields of the State, [illegible] centre of the largest [illegible] in the State, [illegible] timber, [illegible] coal, [illegible] fire brick, [illegible] sandstone, [illegible] quarries of the best grades [illegible] stone, [illegible] of stone rock suitable for brick, [illegible] and [illegible] clay, [illegible] and [illegible] sand, [illegible] and [illegible] of other [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

## "HIM, TRY AGAIN!"

Yes, I'm an old, old man indeed,
Yet, why was worth I left you
When proposals to love light to mind,
I promised not to talk you

The memory is one to all we alone
Earth — a record of passion's
Who grasps those deepest thoughts dare own
The law to all that blesses—

To suppose — to hesitate we,
The maiden's soul deserves,
To answer that doubt full answer with,
To whatever perfecting.

To harvest itself, reached by no hound,
But those who struggling daily,
The utmost life's noblest, round by wound,
Are always the good truly.

Ask, what those world aims is to be
Who knows thee saying eaten,
She shall the "Well done!" plaudit be,
That crown and complete evident.

—David Bromberg

## ANOTHER MAN IN THE HOUSE.

He Was Mistaken For a Lover, but Confessed That He Was a Burglar.

Donaghue knelt at the door and put a practiced ear at the keyhole. Then with a faint sound of breathing he put that Donaghue pressed his rough ear still closer to the legacy aperture in the door and listened every nerve in unison. His small eyes glistened in the dark hallway like the eyes of a rat she had been nicknamed "The Cat" for this very peculiarity, but there was no one in the house to see those glistening eyes save the servants, fast asleep two stories above, and the occupants of that one room.

He had watched that house three preceding days and nights. He knew that it was occupied by a young man and his wife — evidently newly married and beyond doubt rich. He knew that the servants were a cook, two maids and a butler, and he had almost worked out in his mind just where the pretty wife placed her jewelry when she went to bed in the second floor room and just what means the husband took to secure his pecuniary well filled purse.

While one is in the habit of making aerial rolls of the description that Donaghue was making, it is much better to have husbands away from home, the servants and occupants of the house all asleep and the policeman on the beat quite out of hearing.

The first was Donaghue shrank from entirely. He preferred a quiet entrance by the window wholly unobserved if possible and departing left, but his cool new anything else that was of value and at the same time portable. Indeed Donaghue was not the dull, handsome fellow that most burglars are. On the contrary, he was of medium height, spare, slouchy and had a general appearance that was anything but prepossessing. He was not a man in any of polite society.

"Dead easy," said Donaghue to himself. "A young married couple as I thought, and husband's away on the town. She's calling his name in her sleep. But I couldn't expect him until morning, and when he does come home he'll probably be drunk. That's what I call dead easy."

He turned the knob of the door and opened it the fraction of an inch. His small eyes glistened in the dark as he found that the door was not locked, and that in all probability it would not squeak.

Slowly and with infinite care he opened the door and entered the room. Four feet from him as he stood at most breathless, with his hand still clasping the knob of the door, lay the sleeping form of a woman. A flood of moonlight from the window fell upon her and melted the pink of her cheek, the cream of her throat, the lace of her nightdress and the white sheet that wrapped her into one semi-circular line. The midwinter calmness by her breathing made her look like a dropping ally swayed by the gentlest of breezes.

"Great heavens" thought Donaghue, "what a beauty!" He could hear her faintly mutter the name "Paul Paul" at intervals, and he had a vague consciousness of a certain disrespect for Paul, whoever he might be. A man must be a brute to leave such a woman so alone at night. He lingered for a moment, though. Beauty was a thing of little value to Donaghue. His own Maggie was hardly classed with the Dane gift of beauty and as wife she was broken as other wives. He stepped softly and quickly to the dressing case at the other end of the room. He took up a perfumed bottle, smelled of it and threw it away impatiently. Although he was more youthful than he have handkerchief he would have considered a prize of no mean value. Then he found what he wanted and inspected a pocket and chain, a jewel ed watch, a heavy bracelet a pin and what seemed to him a handful of rings. He held them all up to the moonlight and noticed how they sent back in trembling hand and he smiled with delight.

He turned and looked at her. He felt like adding a stolen kiss to the other jewels he had taken. He almost laughed aloud at the thought of such a move as he fleeing under a perfect beauty as the woman who lay on the bed before him. And he was just about to depart as peacefully as a timid caller when suddenly he heard the slamming of the front door in the hall below.

"Her old man!" said Donaghue, forgetting that he was probably a young man. "and I'm caught — caught and sent to prison for years at the least. He will kill me — he will, and" — self-information by — "I could have got away easily enough if I hadn't stopped to look at her."

Again he stepped quickly to the door and listened. He heard footsteps in the hall beneath. The man had stepped into the back parlor or library whichever it was. Perhaps the maid had been out on business and would step there for a minute or two at his desk. Perhaps there was after all a chance for escape. He was cool and self possessed. He dropped the jewels on the bed. It would not do to be caught with them about him. And he went out.

The door squeaked this time and the young wife started in her sleep within and half rose in her bed.

Donaghue at the same time heard the shuffle of feet in the room below. He paused and listened at the top of the stairs.

Even though the stairs had been well oiled, he had not left the least squeak, he had not left the least room.

Donaghue tripped down the stairs as softly as a cat. He had been in a tight fix before, and he was never cleverer than when he knew that he was in danger.

But luck was against him. There was a fur rug at the foot of the stairs. The floor beneath was polished. He slipped and fell, and in spite of himself he uttered an exclamation that was quite enough to be unmistakably masculine. He heard the man rise from the library, and how it all happened he hardly knew but some way or other he managed to dash into the dark parlor, to throw open the window and jump out.

He expected to fall at least eight or ten feet. He did not fall two. He had jumped out on a porch, evidently for he could see the railing in the moonlight. There was one thing to do — hide directly beneath the window in the shadow and wait. He knew no pursuer would be there in a moment. He knew there would be a hue and cry still, there was a chance.

True enough, the men came to the window; but, to the infinite surprise of Donaghue he made no outcry. He heard the man utter a half articulate "Heaven has it come to this!" He heard him walk a few steps and strike a match. He saw the light of the gas jets from the window, and then he knew that he was safe and he cursed himself for a fool for leaving the jewels behind.

He heard a woman's step in the room. The man at the window turned.

"How dare you look me in the face?" he cried. "How dare you come to me after this?"

Calmly the woman raised herself to her feet and, looking at the man, said in a forced whisper:

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? You know what I mean," answered the man. "He has been here at last — perhaps not for the first time. But I have found it out. I have found you out."

Donaghue heard a little stifled moan and the crash of a body as it fell on the floor. He began to gather a couple idea of what it was all about. He had heard scandalous experiences with Maggie. He had been a cuckold himself often. He raised himself a little further and peered over the sill of the window.

The woman was not moaning now, but in a dead faint, and, with her face as white as the sheet that had covered her in the room above, she lay motionless at the feet of the man who accused her.

The man stood over her with burning cheeks and clinched hands.

"And she ran away from you? He didn't even stay to fight me like a man. He's a coward. I knew it when we met him in Boston. He's a villain. I knew it when he followed us to London. He can take you now. I don't want you. And some day he'll run away from you, poor, beautiful, ungrateful fool, just as he has run away from me."

There was considerable humor in nature in Donaghue, even though he did make his living in a peculiar way. This was a little more than he could stand. He jumped up and looked back through the window.

"Look here!" he shouted, and there was suddenly silent, for a pair of strong hands were clasped about his throat and the heavy weight of the larger man had come him to the floor in a moment.

"You sent it because you got wife's silver," roared the man.

"No!" screamed Donaghue, making a desperate effort to free himself.

"Well, who are you?" said the man.

"Let me up and I'll tell you," answered Donaghue.

The man released him, still keeping him within arms reach in the corner of the room. Donaghue felt his throat tenderly.

"Well?" said the man peremptorily.

"I'm the man that was in the house," said Donaghue sullenly.

"What do you mean? Why were you here? asked the man.

"Well," answered Donaghue, speaking *some of his* customary bravado, "I wanted to add some of your jewelry to my collection. See? If you don't believe me, you'll find it where I threw it away, up in your wife's room."

The man turned and dropped to his knees by the side of the prostrate woman. He pillowed her head, and when he raised his head again Donaghue saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Thank God she was only fainted," said the man. "Bring me some water from the library."

Donaghue brought the water in a soiled silver pitcher that graced him sick with a wish that he had got away with it and the jewels above.

"She will be all right in a moment," said the man, "and you may go."

"Thanks," said Donaghue mischief, going toward the window.

"Forgive me if I who ought to thank you," said the man, "for after all, you have proved that my wife is true to me."

The [illegible] discovered Donaghue as he disappeared, and [illegible] to [illegible] Herald.

### Take Care of Your Ears.

[illegible] hundred nerves and [illegible] to do to [illegible] warning or re- [illegible] the body with it [illegible] infallibly [illegible] conditions, small [illegible] double up in a hopeless [illegible] signal service of the [illegible] which [illegible] the ordinary [illegible] noticed in the telegraphic [illegible] the inner ear [illegible] a humble [illegible] which [illegible] to [illegible] a proper balance [illegible] walking or standing still. [illegible] sailors [illegible] ear [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]